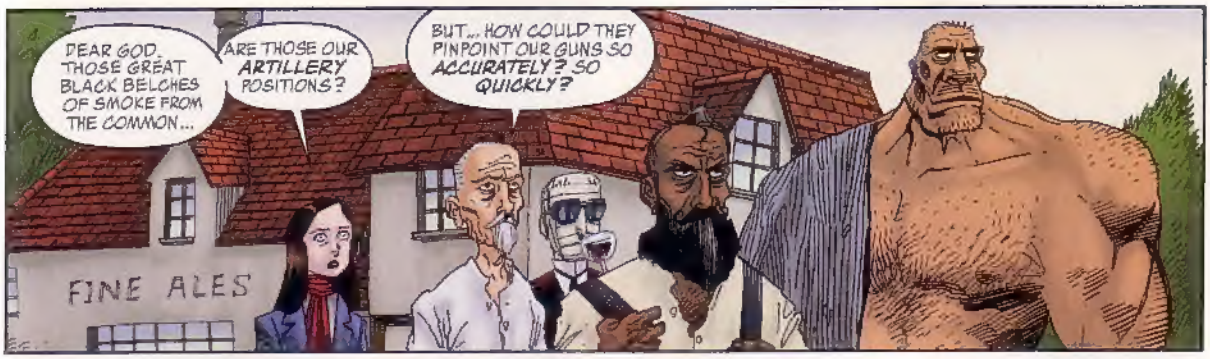
MR. ALAN MOORE & MR. KEVIN O'NEILL PRESENT
AMERICA'S BEST COMICS
THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN
AMERICA'S BEST COMICS
Volume Two
Issue Three
Nov.
MARS-1880
1889
C. CAVE
Naturalist and Dealer in Curiosities

Saturday morning: woken from awful dreams... something about Jonathan(?)... as the troops at Horsell Common began shelling the crater.
At our inn, we dressed and hurried downstairs as quickly as we could, only to find Mr. Griffin already risen.
FINE ALES
Apparently the second cylinder, whose descent we'd witnessed, had hit a golf links in Surrey, precipitating the military response.
The artillery boom was deafening, going on and on. In the eerie silence that followed, I remembered thinking "That's it. It's over."
Evidently, this was far from the case.

3: And the Dawn Comes Up
Like Thunder


DEAR GOD. THOSE GREAT BLACK BELCHES OF SMOKE FROM THE COMMON...
ARE THOSE OUR ARTILLERY POSITIONS?
BUT... HOW COULD THEY PINPOINT OUR GUNS SO ACCURATELY? SO QUICKLY?
FINE ALES

I... I DON'T KNOW. PERHAPS...
Ahem. OBVIOUSLY THEY POSSESS SUPERHUMAN INTELLIGENCE. PREDICTING SUCH THINGS WOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY FOR...
N?
FINE ALES

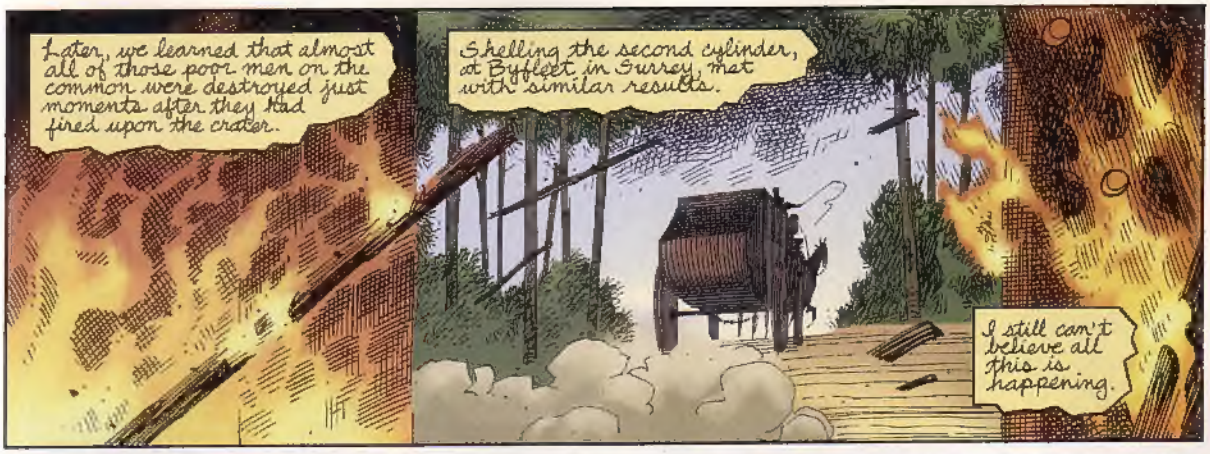
IF... IF WE'D STAYED IN BED A MOMENT LONGER...
BUT... I MEAN, THAT HEAT DEVICE. HOW CAN IT POSSIBLY REACH THIS FAR?
SOMEONE APPROACHES FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMON...

WHOAH.
ARE YOU THE MURRAY GROUP?

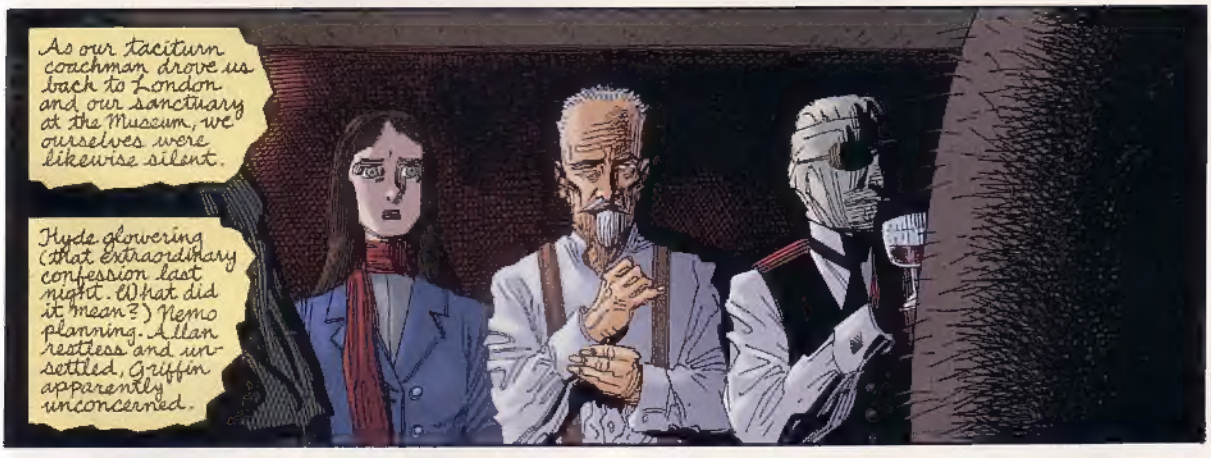
I AM WILHELMINA MURRAY, AND THESE GENTLEMEN ARE MY ASSOCIATES.
YOU'VE COME FROM WHITEHALL, I PRESUME?
I DELIVERED THE ORDERS TO OPEN FIRE.
I'D INSTRUCTIONS TO RETURN YOU TO LONDON IF THINGS WENT BADLY.

AHEHEH.
ARE WE TO TAKE IT THAT'S HOW THINGS HAVE GONE, THEN?
BADLY?

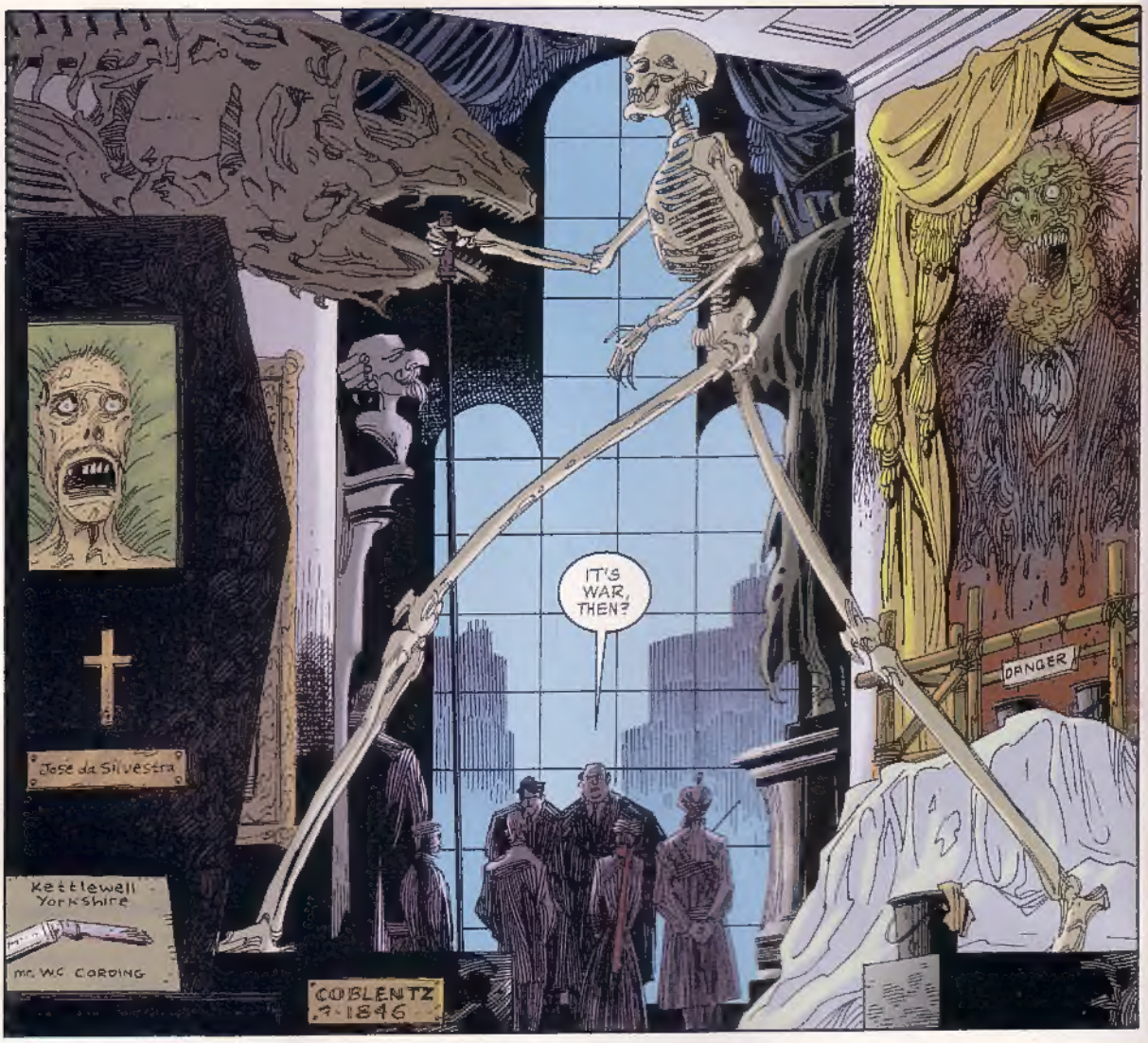
JUST GET IN THE COACH.


Later, we learned that almost all of those poor men on the common were destroyed just moments after they had fired upon the crater.
Shelling the second cylinder, at Byfleet in Surrey, met with similar results.
I still can't believe all this is happening.

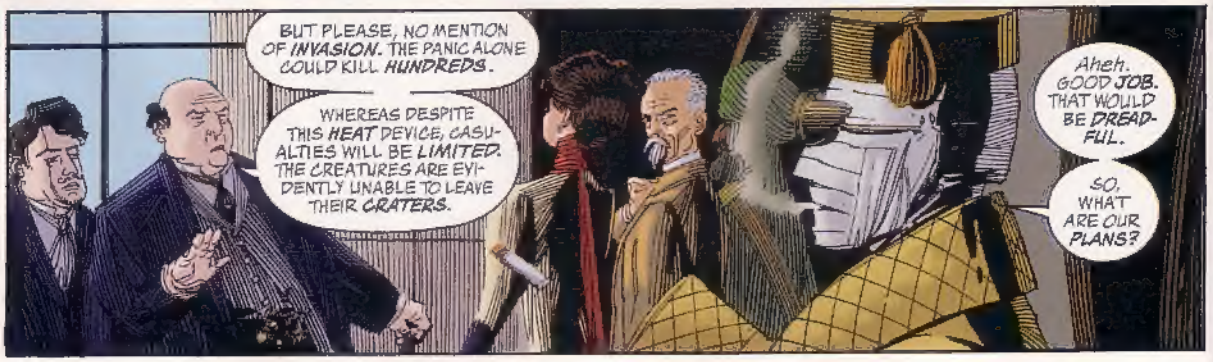
It seemed the Heat-at-a-Distance machine had combusted church spires and chimneys even in villages far from the common.
One place that we passed through, called Maybury, seemed wholly in uproar.
Evacuating family homes, people crammed possessions into suitcases, perambulators or handcarts, and fled for their lives.


As our taciturn coachman drove us back to London and our sanctuary at the Museum, we ourselves were likewise silent.
Hyde glowering (that extraordinary confession last night. What did it mean?) Nemo planning. Allan restless and unsettled, Griffin apparently unconcerned.

I have a terrible presentiment.
I do not think that we shall all survive this.
MUSEUM STREET WC
EXTR
TRAGE
IN
WOKI
MEN FR
MAR


IT'S WAR, THEN?
DANGER
José da Silvestra
Kettlewell Yorkshire
Mr. WC CORDING
COBLENTZ 7-1846

BLOODY DIFFICULT SEEING WHAT ELSE IT COULD BE...
I FEAR THIS IS NO IDLE SORTIE. I FEAR THAT THE WORD WE ARE ALL AVOIDING IS "INVASION."
WE HEAR ANOTHER CYLINDER LANDED IN SURREY...
Mm. BYFLEET GOLF LINKS. WE'RE SHELLING IT NOW.


BUT PLEASE, NO MENTION OF INVASION. THE PANIC ALONE COULD KILL HUNDREDS.
WHEREAS DESPITE THIS HEAT DEVICE, CASUALTIES WILL BE LIMITED. THE CREATURES ARE EVIDENTLY UNABLE TO LEAVE THEIR CRATERS.
Aheh. GOOD JOB. THAT WOULD BE DREADFUL.
SO, WHAT ARE OUR PLANS?

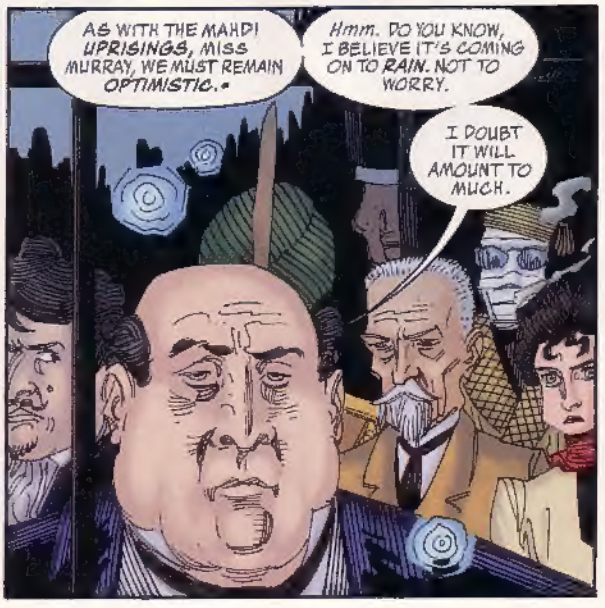
FOR THE MOMENT, YOU WILL OBSERVE AND REMAIN FLEXIBLE. WAIT AND SEE WHAT THESE CREATURES DO NEXT.
MR. BOND HERE HAS CHARTS OF OUR PROPOSED ARTILLERY POSITIONS, WITH WHICH YOU WILL FAMILIARISE YOURSELVES.
MR. BOND.

HERE. PLEASE DON'T LET THESE LEAVE THE MUSEUM. THEY'RE HIGHLY SECRET...
I SCARCELY THINK I REQUIRE LESSONS ON NATIONAL SECURITY FROM YOU, SIR.
MR. HOLMES, MIGHT YOU BE MORE DETAILED CONCERNING OUR INSTRUCTIONS?

YOU, MADAM, SHOULD STUDY OUR WAR PLANS, AND LEARN WHAT YOU CAN OF OUR ENEMY. READ ABOUT MARS, FOR EXAMPLE.
SOME OR ALL OF YOUR COMRADES SHOULD VENTURE SOUTH OF THE RIVER AGAIN, ON RECONNAISSANCE.

WHAT? YOU MEAN US CHAPS HAVE TO GO BACK TO HORSELL?
LATER, I MAY HAVE MORE SPECIFIC MISSIONS IN MIND FOR SOME OF YOU. LET US SEE HOW THINGS DEVELOP.
I HOPE YOU'RE PROVIDING TRANSPORT?

NATURALLY. YOU'LL HAVE THE SAME COACH YOU ARRIVED IN.
THE DRIVER, MR. WILLIAM SAMSON SENIOR, IS ONE OF OUR BEST MEN. DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF FIGHTING THE MAD MAHDI...
SIR? WHAT ARE ENGLAND'S CHANCES IN THIS CONFLICT?

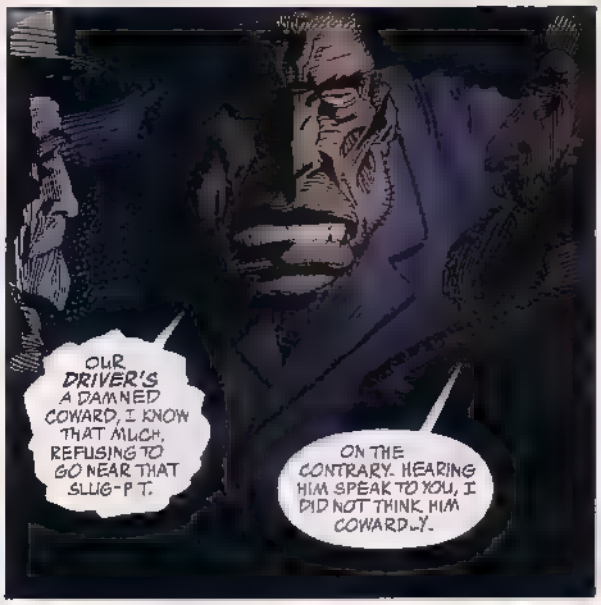

AS WITH THE MAHDI UPRISINGS, MISS MURRAY, WE MUST REMAIN OPTIMISTIC.
Hmm. DO YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN. NOT TO WORRY.
I DOUBT IT WILL AMOUNT TO MUCH.

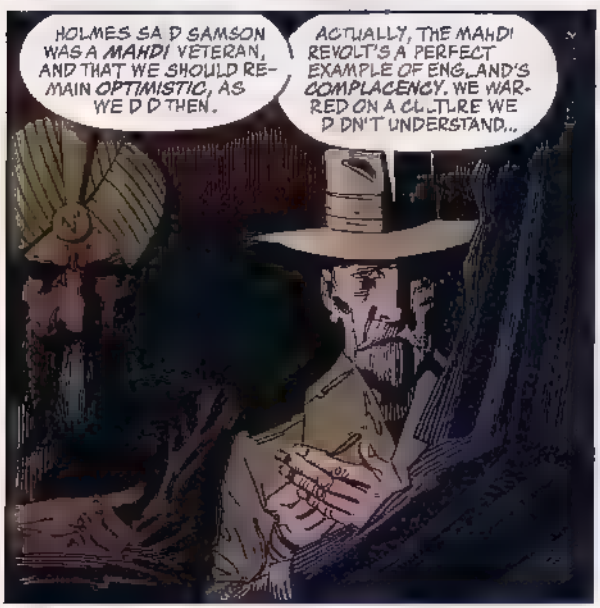
Um... WE'RE JUST GOING OUT, THEN.
FILTHY BLOODY WEATHER FOR IT, I MUST SAY.
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT HERE ON YOUR OWN? YOU WOULDN'T RATHER I...?
THIS IS FASCINATING. DO YOU KNOW MARS HAS VERY LITTLE GRAVITY IN COMPARISON TO EARTH? NO WONDER THOSE THINGS COULD HARDLY MOVE.
OH... NO. I'M ALL RIGHT. YOU ALL GO ON.
RIGHT.
CHEERIO, THEN.

ITISH SCUM
HULLO.
I SUPPOSE IT'S OFF TO FACE THAT BLASTED HEAT DEVICE AGAIN, THEN?
GOOD. I WANT ONE OF THOSE SLUG-MEN TO PLAY WITH.
THERE'LL BE NONE OF THAT. I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO WITHIN SIGHTLINE OF THE CRATER.
Huhhh?! YOU'RE TELLING ME WHAT TO DO, YOU LITTLE ARSE-PIMPLE?
HYDE, FOR GOD'S SAKE...
THAT'S RIGHT. I'M TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO. AND I'VE KILLED PATHANS AND KURDS UGLIER THAN YOU IN MY TIME.
NOW GET IN THE COACH.
♫ oooooooh. ♫
YA! GIDDUP!
YAAAA!

PEACE ON EARTH
GRAND NEW DIORAMA
BUY ANTI STIFF
MEN FROM MARS BEHAVE LIKE HUN

I MUST CONFESS, I ADMIRE THE BRITISH PEOPLE'S BRAVERY. W TH HORROR AT THEIR DOORSTEP, THEY SEEM UNCONCERNED.
HUM. HARD_Y UNCONCERNED. MORE BLINKERED, I'D HAVE SAID.
PRETENDING EVERYTHING'S TICKETY-BOO, NEMO. IT'S THE GREAT BRITISH PASTIME.


OUR DRIVER'S A DAMNED COWARD, I KNOW THAT MUCH, REFUSING TO GO NEAR THAT SLUG-P T.
ON THE CONTRARY. HEARING HIM SPEAK TO YOU, I DID NOT THINK HIM COWARD_Y.


HOLMES SA D SAMSON WAS A MAHDI VETERAN, AND THAT WE SHOULD RE-MAIN OPTIMISTIC, AS WE D D THEN.
ACTUALLY, THE MAHDI REVOLT'S A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF ENG_AND'S COMPLACENCY. WE WAR-RED ON A CU_TURE WE D DN'T UNDERSTAND..

...AND WE WERE MASSACRED

MEN FROM MARS

Hunnngh. WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS, IF WE'RE NOT GO.NG NEAR THAT DAMN CRATER?
PRESUMABLY, WE ARE OBSERVING CONDITIONS HERE. THE HAM_ET OF MAYBURY, FOR EXAMPLE, IS QUITE DESERTED...
WAIT A MINUTE. WHERE'S GRIFFIN?

I'D ASSUMED HE'D STAYED AT THE MUSEUM. HOLMES D.DN T SPECIFY THAT WE SHOULD ALL ACCOMPANY THIS RECONNAISSANCE.
I-- I SUPPOSE NOT.
THIS PISSING STORM'S GETTING WORSE. LET'S HOPE THAT LITTLE BASTARD'S HORSES DON'T--

What...?
ARRRR!

DRIVER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU ALMOST TURNED US OVER!
THAT LAST LIGHTNING FLASH I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING!
WH-WHAT'S THAT NOISE, BENEATH THE THUNDER? IT'S ALMOST AS IF--

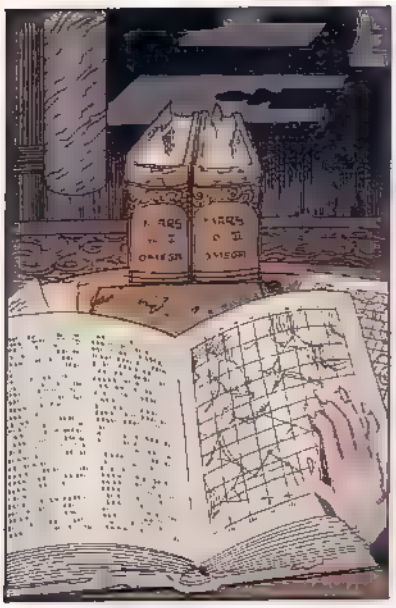
GOD'S BALLS.

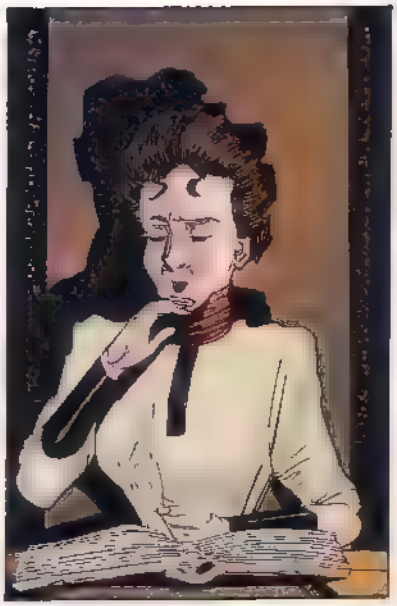
BACK! GET BACK INSIDE THE COACH!

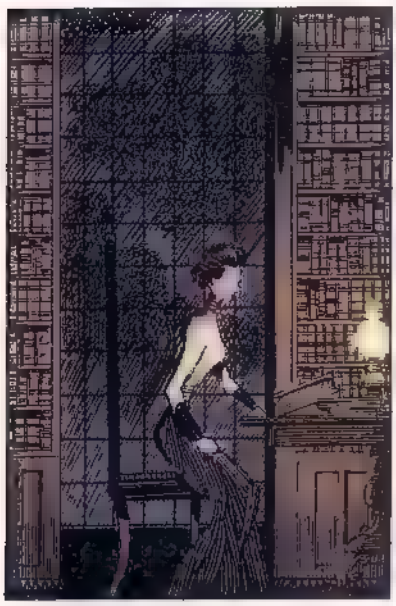
IT...IT'S LIKE A MILKING-STOOL

JUST GET IN! WE HAVE TO GET WORD BACK TO LONDON!

COME ON, GIDDAP! YAAAA!







UN HABITANT
DE LA
PLANÈTE
MARS

Mr Griffin?

MR GR FF N, WHAT ARE YOU DO.NG?
I-I KNOW YOU RE HERE
WHY. WHY AREN'T YOU SAYING ANYTH NG?
GR FF,N, I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT'S--
...guu..
Oh!
OHHH!
NO. NO, DON'T..
PLEASE
AAAA!
NO' LET GO OF--

Ouhhh...
Oh, God
GOD...
LISTEN, PLEASE...
PLEASE DON'T
AAAAA!
Ahehehen
AAHUHH..
LOOK AT YOU, YOU STUCK-UP LITTLE TART
WHAT ARE YOU? SAY T
I'M...
I-I M A STUCK-UP LITTLE TART.
I'M A STUCK-UP LITTLE TART..
THAT'S RIGHT
AA:
Aheh. NOW.
WHERE WAS I?

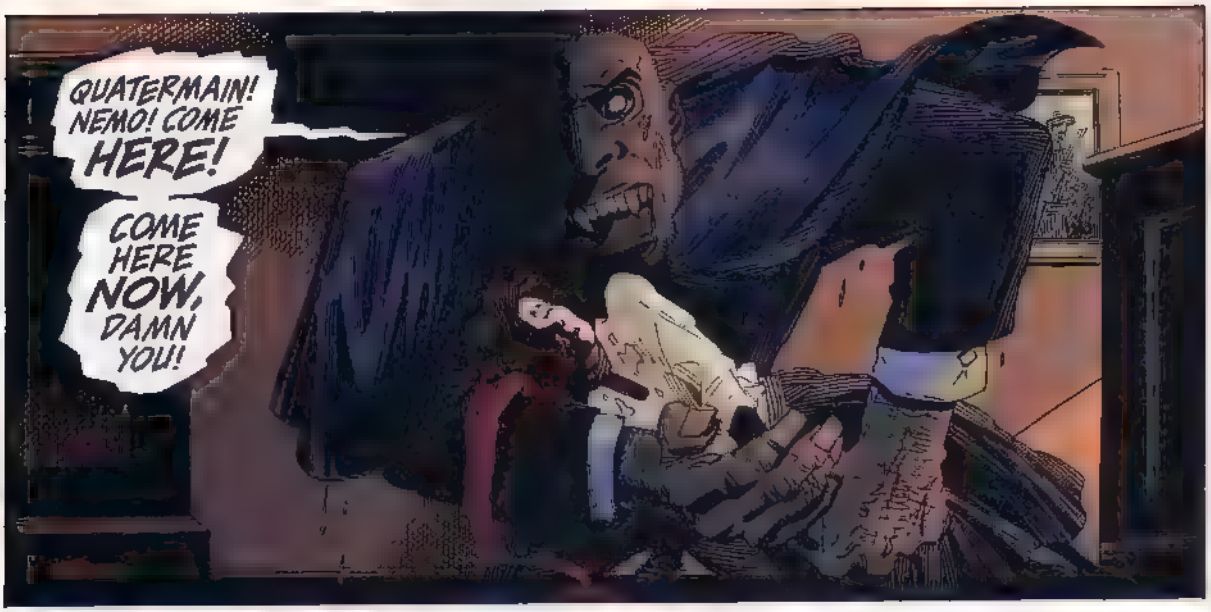
whoa!
WHOAHH!

RIGHT. YOU LOT CLIMB OUT. I'LL CARRY ON OVER TO VAUXHALL AND REPORT TO M.
HE'LL PROBABLY WANT FETCHING BACK HERE TO THE MUSEUM.
NO DOUBT I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

GOD, WHAT A NIGHTMARE. THAT BLOODY MILKING STOOL THING..
WE'RE ALL IN THE MOST BEASTLY TROUBLE NOW. ALL OF US.
LET'S GET INSIDE OUT OF THIS RAIN

BUT YOU SAW HOW FAST IT MOVED, BOWLING ACROSS THE HORIZON.
A MACHINE LIKE THAT, IT MIGHT BE TOO MUCH EVEN FOR THE ARMY..
YOU REALIZE THERE MAY BE A SECOND SUCH DEVICE AT BYFLEET 2

OH, GOD. THAT SURREY GOLF LINKS, WHERE THE SECOND CYLINDER LANDED I'D FORGOTTEN THAT.
TWO OF THEM AND WE THOUGHT THEY COULDN'T LEAVE THE CRATER
NO. THAT IS WHAT YOU ENGLISH ASSUMED. I THOUGHT OTHERWISE...
YES. YES, YOU SAID THEY'DE BE BUILDING SOME SORT OF VEHICLE.
WHILE WE WERE ALL HOPING FOR THE BEST, YOU WERE EXPECTING THE WORST.
It is as you stated. To hope for the best is an English failing.
Growing up in Mombai, in Calcutta, one learns different.


QUATERMAIN! NEMO! COME HERE!
COME HERE NOW, DAMN YOU!

WHAT S T? WE WERE... Oh, GOD
GRIFFIN. HIS SMELL'S ALL OVER HER HE WAS NAKED.
HELP HER. CLEAN HER UP AND HELP HER.

THE PLANS DETA LING LONDON'S GUN POS TIONS ARE GONE
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE.
COME ON LET'S GET HER DOWN STAIRS

HERE I CAN CARRY HER
THERE'S A BRUISE BY HER HAIRLINE. IT DOESN'T SEEM TOO SEVERE
MINA? MINA, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
.nnn.

HUSH, MISS MURRAY. ALL IS WELL. YOU ARE SAFE NOW
COME. LET US MAKE HER PRESENTABLE BEFORE HOLMES ARRIVES
Uh.

HYDE?
ARE YOU, uh..
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I M FINE.
SEE TO HER

He made me grovel

I couldn't feel more sick of myself if he'd put his affair in me

I can't even write his name.

He's somehow made a pact with our unearthly enemies, of that much M seems certain. Betrayed his country. His world.

Made me grovel

But enough of that. The question is, what are we to do about it?

THIS PLACE. THE MUSEUM.

WE CAN'T STAY HERE

WHAT?

WE HAVE TO LEAVE. IT ISN'T SAFE

M, NA, LOOK, YOU'RE STILL SHAKEN UP, I EXPECT

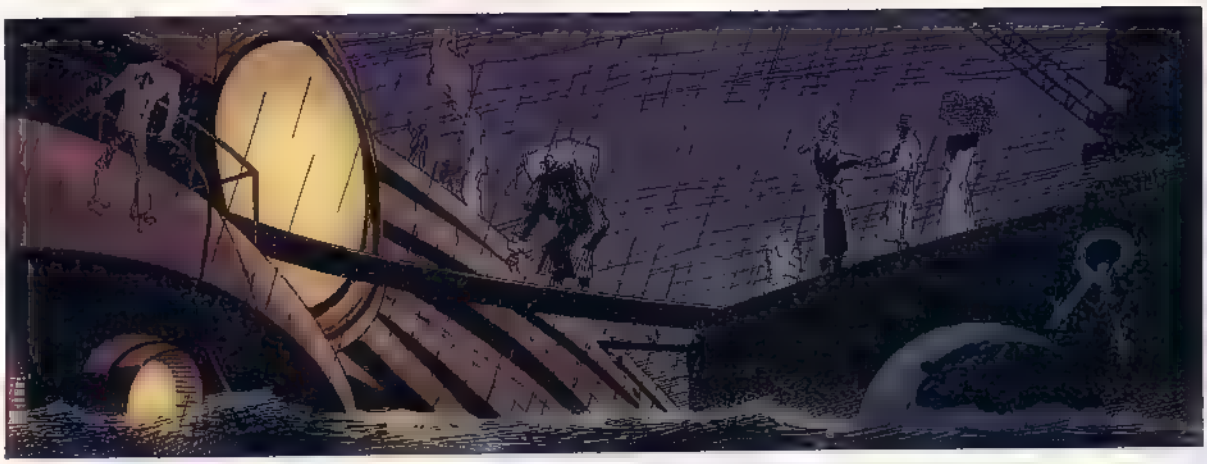
NO, SHE'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. GRIFFIN KNOWS THIS PLACE.

TO THAT END, I SUGGEST THAT CAPTAIN NEMO AND, AH, DR. JEKYLL'S ASSOCIATE SHOULD RELOCATE TO THE CAPTAIN'S SUBMERSIBLE BOAT.

WH-WHAT ABOUT US?

MY DEAR, YOU'VE HAD A SIMPLY FRIGHTFUL TIME

WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT ENJOY A LITTLE HOLIDAY.



we saw Nemo and Hyde aboard the Nautilus. M. wants them to defend the Thames against that milking-stool they and Allan Saw
It's hoped they can contain the battle in South London
Mr. Hyde seemed rather quiet almost ominously so, I thought

From Wapping, Mr. Quatermain and I were taken on to Waterloo, where we were to commence our "holiday."
Despite the rain and lateness of the hour, there were some families with their belongings in the streets.
The panic has begun. It will no doubt be worse by morning.

We were put on our train by Mr. Samson our coachman, who wished us luck.
M N°2
As M explained it, we're to visit the South Downs, there to locate a scientist engaged in highly secret Government endeavours.
So secret, in fact, that we were told neither his name nor whereabouts.

We are to locate him and inform him that #-147 must be conveyed to London.
Needless to say, we've not been told what that is, either.
I CAN'T GET OVER THAT THREE-LEGGED THING.

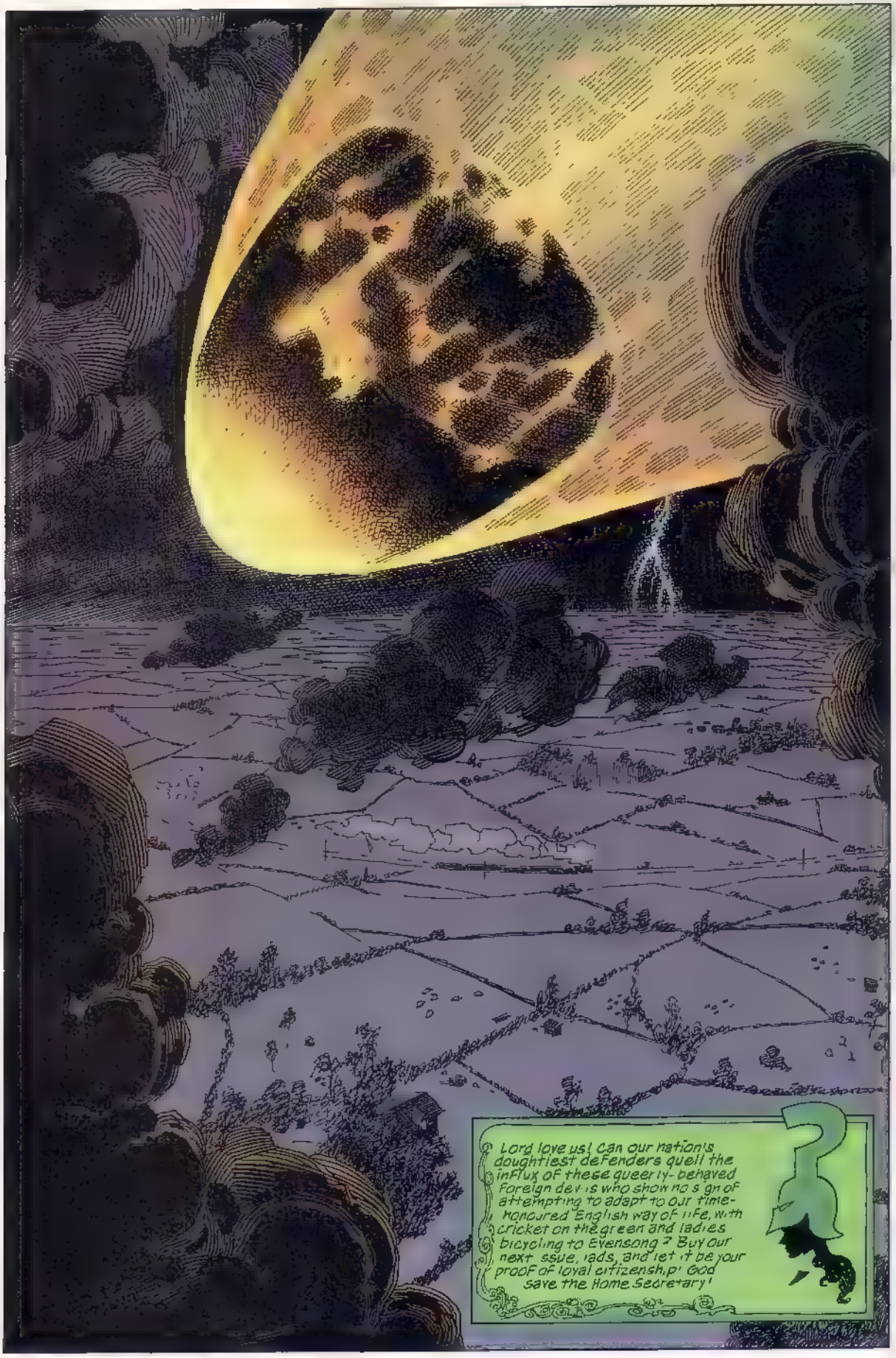
IT WAS THE WAY IT MOVED SO QUICKLY ACROSS THE HORIZON, WITH THIS KIND OF CONTROLLED TOPPLING.
IF YOU COULD HAVE SEEN IT,
YES, WELL, FRANKLY, I'VE BEEN MORE CONCERNED BY WHAT I COULDN'T SEE.

OH, GOD, OF COURSE. GRIFFIN MINA, I'M SO SORRY WE LEFT YOU ALONE WITH THAT TREASONOUS SWINE.
OH, I'VE LIVED THROUGH WORSE.
WHAT ALARMS ME IS GRIFFIN'S DEFECTION. THAT COULD COST US THE WAR.
NUTWO
JUST GO

YOU'RE RIGHT. THE ODDS AGAINST US ARE HIGH ENOUGH ALREADY.
ESPECIALLY IF NEMO WAS RIGHT, AND LONDON HAS TO OFF TWO OF THOSE MILKING STOOL MONSTROSITIES...

THREE.
WHAT?

THREE


Lord love us! Can our nation's doughtiest defenders quell the influx of these queerly-behaved foreign devils who show no sign of attempting to adapt to our time-honoured English way of life, with cricket on the green and ladies bicycling to Evensong? Buy our next issue, lads, and let it be your proof of loyal citizenship! God save the Home Secretary!

# Chapter Three

## The Americas: In the Rubble of Utopia

As we turn to the fabulous Americas, we are confronted by a territory so massive that one scarcely knows where to commence. Perhaps as good a spot as any is the sub-aquatic realm beneath the waters of Drake Passage, off the tip of South America, where the Atlantic and Pacific oceans meet. The science-pirate Captain Nemo, who kept a base at nearby Lincoln Island in the South Pacific, speculates about this underwater kingdom in his entry to the logbook of the Nautilus for July 15,1897.

"This morning, first mate Ishmael reported a fresh sighting of what we have come to call the ghost submersible, an vehicle much like *The Nautilus*, which I had thought to be unique. Broad Arrow Jack has recently returned from Tierra del Fuego, where he'd been put ashore to learn whatever might be known of this elusive craft, and served us up an interesting account of his discoveries; The locals tell tales of an English naval sergeant, one James Winston Pepper, lost at sea in 1870, supposedly dragged down by undertows through emerald waters and eventually washed up upon the shores of a subsurface paradise where harmony reigned everywhere. The realm, named Pepper's Land after the sergeant, is reputedly the source of the garishly-coloured phantom submarine we've sighted. It may also be the home of a malignant species of blue dwarf or troll (perhaps related to the Nordic kobolds) that turns up occasionally in Argentina, but of this Broad Arrow Jack could tell us nothing more."

The Lincoln Island pirate haven had been used by Nemo since the 1870s, and it was here that the Sikh mariner returned in the last months of 1898, venturing from the isle only infrequently thereafter until the occasion of his death in May, 1909. Our accounts of the surrounding islands have been mostly gleaned from either Nemo's records or from those of a Miss Diver, whose connection to the Captain is unclear but who made entries in the logbook of the Nautilus commencing in the later months of 1910. According to our notes, south-east of Nemo's base existed a great cluster of small islands called the Riallaro Archipelago, surrounded by a ring of fog, and thus remaining undiscovered by the outside world until the European steamship *Daydream* found its way there during 1900. Nemo's *Nautilus*, however, being unencumbered by the surface mists, lists Riallaro's islands in a logbook entry dated February 1881

"Aleofane, or 'Gem of Truth,' is an island where fame is sold and traded, almost as a form of currency, and where communication seemingly depends entirely upon facial tics such as raised eyebrows. Fanattia is filled with wild-eyed reformers attempting to abolish each other, while Figlefia is populated utterly by libertines. Upon Spectralia and neighbouring Astralia they worship ghosts or astral bodies. Haciocram, an isle of prophets, declares that the true number of the Beast is '1999,' and on Kloriole, Broolyi, Swoonarie, Limanora and a dozen other islands, one may find beliefs and ways of life as varied and as ludicrous. Upon Coxuria, for example, there exists a race of pygmies who are confident that the creator of the Universe resembles them in shape and size. Altogether a strategically disastrous group of territories that avail me nothing in my plans to bring the British Empire to its knees."

Southeast of Riallaro we find Manouham, famed for its fascinating open-sided tombs, and nearby Letalispons with its fragile, airy towers and its inhabitants, the Cerebellites, who spend the first half of their 120-year-long lifespan growing older and the last half growing younger. Both these islands are near Juan Fernandez, not far off the coast of Chile, as is neighbouring Frivola, the Frivolous Island. Here beasts have claws as soft as velvet, horses collapse beneath the slightest weight as if made of straw, and all things from the easily-bent trees to the opinions of the population are entirely insubstantial. A stranger by his very nature to frivolity, Nemo, for the most part, seems to have restricted his Pacific explorations to locations north of Lincoln Island, in the coastal waters of Peru and Ecuador.

Amongst these are the delightful children-governed isle of Melpe, The Land of Parrots (named after a prince who had been magically transformed to such a bird), and the obscure immensity known as Mount Analogue. This mountain towers from the Pacific and is very possibly the tallest mountain on the Earth, yet its existence is, to the greater percentage of Earth's population, utterly unknown. This is because the space around Mount Analogue is strangely curved in such a way that even light-rays bend around the island, rendering it effectively invisible. Paradise Island, further north, is notable for its domesticated lions, while nearby Coral Island is famed for its glittering Diamond Cave, as mentioned by the three young Englishmen who, in the early 1850s, as the sole survivors of the shipwrecked *Arrow*, were cast up there.

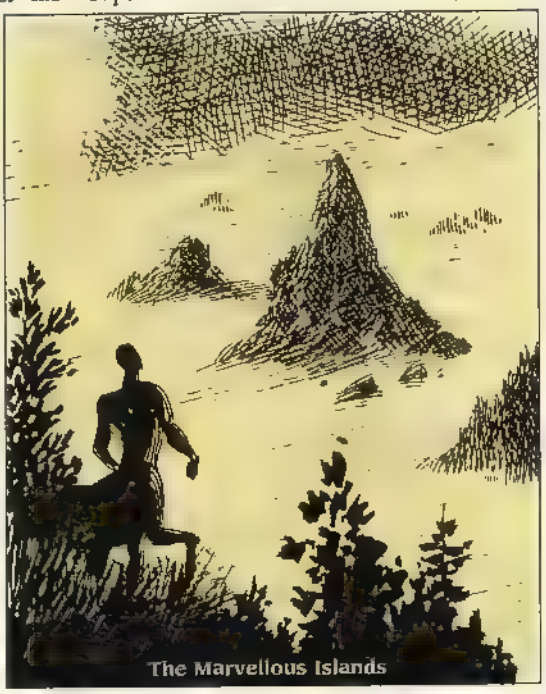
Closest to Nemo's base at Lincoln is the pink island known as Rose, where in the 18th century, and therefore prior to Nemo's day, one Captain Clegg (affiliated in some way to the adventurers assembled by ship's surgeon Lemuel Gulliver) attended an important conference of leading pirates, his impressions given in his log. "We met by our

The Pirates' Conference, Rose Island

unanimous consent on *The Black Tiger*, owned by Slaughterboard, who is a good man and an enemy to none of us, though I like his yellow bunkmate not a bit. Blood was there, strutting and twirling his moustache while bragging of his endowments, and also John Silver, hopping around and cackling, though I have always found him a likeable-enough old rogue. Pugwash I cannot make up my mind about. He seems a rather soft and inoffensive little chap, not at all cut out for life on the high seas. Hook, on the other hand, while very capable, is an enigma, especially when pressed upon exactly where it is he hails from. Things proceeded amiably enough until we all had too much grog and Blood got in a foppish slapping-match with Pysse-Gummes, whereupon we disembarked and all found our own berths."

As we continue north wards we pass Orofena where, just prior to the Great War, another shipwrecked trio of Englishmen succeeded in waking the sleeping god Oro and his daughter Yva, with the Earth almost tipped off its axis by the irritable god as a result. Subsequent earthquakes have reduced what Orofenian statuary and architecture that still exist to a pitiable rubble amongst which the graceful native Orofenians maintain their deep and understandable mistrust of Europeans. Slightly further north (although apparently maintaining strong diplomatic connections with Meipe, above) is Maina, home of the irrepressibly creative Articole tribe whose most famous writer, Routchko, published the monumental, almost seventeen-thousand-page-long *Why I Cannot Write*. Venturing further northward still we sight the changing-coloured sands that bound Cook's Island, where a cook from London and her burglar husband have ruled since an incident involving a wish granting flying carpet that occurred during the first years of the twentieth century. As we draw close to the equator, we encounter the vast Mardi Archipelago, containing numerous fascinating realms such as the island of maimed and one-legged gladiatorial enthusiasts, Diranda, and witch isle Minda or Valapee, Isle of Yams, with its unusual currency of human teeth.

Heading northwest towards Colombia we pass by Hunchback Island, where non hunchbacks are regarded as deformed, and come to one of the peculiar areas of the South Pacific that local islanders believe inspires men to communicate in song, such as the beauteous Bali Hai near Japan, or in this case, Zara's Kingdom, ruled by British-educated Princess Zara and a sextet of exemplary Englishmen, including Captain Corcoran who'd previously served aboard Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore*. One puzzling incident recorded by this Captain in his memoirs concerns Marsh's Island, close to Zara's Kingdom and named after Captain Obed Marsh of Innsmouth, Massachusetts, who dropped anchor there in 1830. Islanders from Zara's land believe that Marsh's Island is the haunt of hideous fish-like humanoids called "Deep Ones," and to judge from Captain Corcoran's memoir this would seem to be the case. Corcoran tells of not only encountering a small group of these creatures, but, incredibly, of teaching them to sing (albeit only in thick, bubbling, inhuman voices) at a command performance held for Princess Zara. Just one of the songs written for this production has survived, and here it is reproduced in part:



The Marvellous Islands

*" When I was a boy an eldritch book informed me I'd inherited the Innsmouth Look.*

*I'd gills and wide-spaced eyes, you see, and I frolicked at the bottom of the deep blue sea* (He frolicked at the bottom of the deep blue sea).

*I went into the ocean depths most willingly, and now I am a tentacled monstrosity* (He went into the ocean depths most willingly, and now he is a tentacled monstrosity)."

Before turning our attentions to the islands in the South Atlantic off the eastern coast of South America, there is one final isle deserving of attention. This is Noble's island, close to Ecuador, where an English biologist (apparently employed by British Military Intelligence) performed experiments of a most confidential nature that we nonetheless believe to have involved hybridisation, during the late 19th century. This belief, we should add, is supported only by the testimony of the clearly half-demented hermit Edward Prendick, who Miss Wilhelmina Murray and her colleague Allan Quatermain encountered on their trip to the South Downs during the terrible Martian incursion in the latter half of 1898.

The South Atlantic, starting from the waters off Tierra del Fuego, is as filled with fascinating isles as the Pacific, such as Hoste, an island republic ruined by a gold-rush during 1891, or Geometer's island, with its massive, soundless cities where the locals pass their lives drawing transient pictures in the sand. Not far away are Greedy Island, where the portly natives worship the obese god Baratrogulo, and the adjacent Doctor's Island, prosperous from treating stomach ailments. Nearby Foolyk ekes out a precarious existence having poetry as its sole export, while the natives of Philosopher's Island pass their time by weighing air or establishing the sex of angels. Heading northward up the coast of Argentina we next come to Rampole Island, sole habitat of the giant ground sloth and reputedly the haunt of cannibals, just south of Villings, an attractive island purchased recently, in the late 1920s, by Morel, a scientist dedicated to the perfect reproduction of real human beings. A little west of Villings we find Brisevent, in an archipelago known as the Marvellous Islands, where lived centaurs, ape-men, amazons and the infrequent cyclops. Bordering this group of curiously-populated islands to the east is Houyhnhnms Land, where Lemuel Gulliver encountered talking horses (possibly related to the exiled horses of Abdera as discussed in our last chapter), while marooned here by a mutinous crew in 1711.

Moving North into the waters off Brazil we pass the fair, enlightened, pagan island of Eugea, inhospitable Nimatan with its exquisite lunatic asylums, the former Roman colony of Oceana, and the idealistic republic known as Spensonia, founded by a group of yet more shipwrecked Englishmen who washed up there in the last years of the eighteenth century. At last, only a few nautical miles beyond Spensonia we reach another, far more famed island republic, the acclaimed "perfect society" known as Utopia, named for its earliest known regent, King Utopos. Until its pitiful decline during the later sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, Utopia was known throughout the world as the ideal state that mankind might socially aspire to. During the early sixteenth century, Utopia was ruled by the extraordinary giant Gargantua, and was indeed the birthplace of his son, the similarly-sized Pantagruel. Wars with neighbouring kingdoms in the later fifteen-hundreds so destabilised Utopia that, at

this current time of writing (1931), the former perfect country is a dismal ruin on an island that is all but uninhabited, potential visitors deterred by an oppressive air of melancholy that surrounds Utopia's creeper-conquered rubble.

Travelling on past Spidermonkey Island, where a war between two tribes in 1839 was settled by a visiting English doctor whom the islanders have since referred to as "King Jong," we move westward around upper South America to reach the seas of the West Indies. Here we find Vendchurch's Island with its fierce, carnivorous sea lions, and Fonesca that is ringed by such impenetrable cloud that it is often thought to vanish magically. Here too is Oroonoko Island where the reddish-yellow islanders will treat someone as dead if they have not appeared for dinner, and the quarrel-free Ferdinand's Island colonised by slaves in the mid eighteenth century. Most interesting, however, are two islands separated by perhaps a mile of water and yet seemingly oblivious to each other's presence. One is the island of Speranza, sometimes called the Island of Despair, where one Rob Crusoe, late of York, spent many years of loneliness and hardship following his shipwreck there during the last days of September, 1659. Ironically, well within swimming distance of Speranza is an island known as Herland, populated by a race of lovely women who produce their daughters by means of parthenogenesis, and who had not so much as glimpsed a man since the fourth century AD. If only the beached mariner had owned some earlier edition of this almanac, his isolation might have been agreeably abated.

Further westward is the Caribbean, with its own array of islands, such as Tacarigua, called by poets "burning Tacarigua" for the irresistible delights to be encountered there, from lavish operas to the erotic *hodeidah* dance performed by the young native women. Cannibal Island, nearby, is unique in that its hunters favour suffocating smoke as their means of bagging game, while Chita is an island famous for its trees like giant lettuce and the brutal Chinese executioner who came to power there in the early twentieth century. The Isle of Birds, much more hospitable, is known for its variety of wildfowl and prodigiously-sized snakes, and boasts a small community of sweet bucolic innocence established by the shipwrecked Comte D'Uffai in the first decades of the eighteenth century. We also have the pirate island San Verrado, where they kidnapped Cuban women until the destruction of the island's fort by English warships during the late eighteenth century, and the feared Zaroff's Island, owned by an expatriate Russian Count whose pass-times include hunting human beings. Cacklogallinia is ruled by chickens that are six feet tall and far from perfectly behaved, yet who reportedly were generous in their treatment of one Samuel Blunt, an Englishman with what would now appear to be customary British navigational abilities, who was marooned there in the early 1720s. The only other isle of note within the Caribbean is, bewilderingly, the isle belonging to the Milanese Duke and occultist Prospero, which we have already located between Italy and Africa. The sorcerer himself, asked how one island could exist in two remote locations at the same time, would only reply ambiguously, "In mine eye do all places coexist, may be at once in Tartary or France, just as we may the Seraphim enlist and bid them on a single pin-head dance."

Of course, the South American mainland itself is equally replete with wonder-drenched locations. Within the Patagonian region of south Argentina, we find Leonard's Land, established by a French philosopher who believed egalitari

an government to be intrinsically connected with the weather, erecting numerous lofty weathervanes across the area as an aid to settling legislative matters. Further north, not far from Buenos Aires, we find Babel, an imposing South American metropolis that should not be confused with its Biblical namesake. There are two important landmarks in the city, the first being the Palace of Justice, apparently constructed in admiring imitation of The Castle in Czechoslovakia, as mentioned in our previous installment. Here, those waiting for their cases to be heard will often pass the time by helping out with minor bureaucratic tasks, eventually promoted to become the Magistrate who'll find them guilty in absentia. The other major edifice of note in Babel is the city's spectacular library, sometimes called "The Universe." This library, with its tiers of hexagonal galleries that are said to be infinite in number, contains every conceivable book that could ever be written, translated to every conceivable language. Somewhere within, therefore, exists a perfect catalogue of all the library's tomes (along with a potentially infinite number of false catalogues) with generations of librarians expended in the search for this master codex.

Further north, a country in its own right at the northern boundary of Argentina, we find Madragal, with its history of skirmishes with Parapagal, not far from Paraguay. While the origins of this historical hostility appear to be uncertain, its results may be best judged by the unusual number of glass eyeballs, hooks and wooden legs that one can't help but note amongst the mostly-crippled populace. Meanwhile, on the eastern border between Argentina and its neighbor Chile exists Cesares Republic, a Protestant settlement established by the Dutch during the 1600s, wherein Catholics are barred from holding Governmental office. Northeast of there, within the upper reaches of Chile itself, is Agzceaziguls, a desert country nestling on the Bolivian border, where desperately poor descendants of the Incas live amongst fantastic treasures such as the pink palaces of Gunda, with their jewel-crypts guarded by a score of golden idols that have emeralds for eyes. Not far from Agzceaziguls, within the south most reaches of Peru, stands a solitary Pink Palace that may once have been a part of Gunda, but which stands in much better repair than Gunda's palaces, and which is still inhabited. Herein lives the Pink Child, an ageless and perfectly beautiful girl (possessing neither knees nor elbows, since these body parts are less than beautiful), who spends her days amidst exquisite loveliness and whose sole utterance is said to be "I pray thee, do not rise." Although she has once travelled widely, witnessing the filth and squalor of the world, this has not ruffled her deportment or serene refinement, and she still draws swans with one pink fingertip upon the scented air of the Pink Palace, murmuring, "I pray thee, do not rise."

Bolivia, as we continue north, is home to the immense lake (or small inland sea) known as Lost Time, beneath which a great multitude of succulent young turtles swim through terraces of underwater flowers. The waters, although generally choked with refuse, will, at random intervals across the centuries, spontaneously emit the sweet perfume of roses, upon which occasions life and commerce gradually return to the abandoned villages that mark the landlocked ocean's edge. Some distance east of Lost Time, between Paraguay, Brazil and Argentina is Roncandor, where in 1839 benign dictator "Dr. Olivero"

Goldfinger Expedition, 1928

(actually an Englishman named Oliver) established himself by assassinating the previous incumbent. Oliver's regime, based on the ideas of Rousseau and Voltaire, ended when Oliver faked his own death and returned to England, with little trace remaining in Roncandor now of this brief golden age

Indeed, for traces of a literally golden age we must return to the most northerly edge of Bolivia, where, between Peru and the Amazon basin, the English adventurer Sir Walter Raleigh located the fabled Incan kingdom known as El Dorado, where, as he described it, everything from cobblestones to cooking implements and weaponry was made from nothing but the purest gold. It need hardly be said that subsequent excursions to the region have been utterly unable to locate this glittering realm, including the most recent expedition, which was launched in the late 1920s by a young Swiss-German millionaire named Aurie Goldfinger, who returned empty handed.

Before examining the riches of Brazil, there are a handful of intriguing sites throughout the rest of South America which merit our attention. In the Andean hills of Ecuador, as an example, there exists a valley in the shadow of Mount Parascotopetl where all of the populace are blind from birth, while high in the Colombian Andes we find Golden Lake, the streams that feed it being so gold-rich that one might readily suppose Sir Walter Raleigh to have slightly mislocated El Dorado. Heading east across Colombia itself we pass through the delightful almond-scented village of Macondo, with its constant music of bells, chimes, and cuckoo clocks, established possibly as long ago as 1580 by one Jose Arcadio Buendia. Macondo would seem to have been governed since either by identically-named descendants or, incredibly, perhaps by the extraordinarily long-lived Buendia himself. Passing on into Venezuela we find (or, in fact, don't find) Ewaipanoma, the land around a tributary of the Orinoco whose inhabitants have eyes set in their shoulders and mouths in their breasts, described by the less-than reliable Sir Walter Raleigh who, some commentators have suggested, may have simply made some of these places up.

Brazil, however, is repository to marvels of less doubtful provenance. On its south-western shore, just past ill-starred Nolandia we reach Happiland, a country free of civic strife due to an early monarch who imposed a limit upon the amount of gold a king might legally maintain within his treasury. While by no means a wealthy country, Happiland has long outlasted the nearby island republic of Utopia, once its superior. Aglaura, north of Happiland and some miles west of Rio de Janeiro, almost seems to be two cities somehow occupying the same space. One is drab and characterless, yet at times from its washed-out streets it's possible to glimpse a different city, rich with meaning, the import of which is sadly inexpressible. Further north, upon the coast, we come to Watkinsland, with an abandoned city on its high plateau and a variety of curious fauna, including the unpleasant man-sized and mostly bipedal hominid that has been referred to as a "rat dog." Lemuel Gulliver, who was aware of Watkinsland through second hand accounts, believed these rat dogs to be cousins of the Yahoos, an equally noxious species he'd encountered on the not-far distant island of the Houyhnhnms. Not far from Watkinsland to the northwest is Quivera, a ruby-rich land that, incredibly, was settled by the Welsh during 1170. It is Brazil's interior, however, that is home to some of South America's more notable locations. Deep within the forests of the Amazon, for instance, is reputed to exist the ancient jungle kingdom known as Mu, quite possibly the same kingdom described by the great 18th century traveller Candide and his instructor Dr. Pangloss as "the Fabulous Land." In other sources Mu is sometimes known as "Yu," or "Yu Atlanchi," and it is near here that the world famous "bird girl" Riolama or Rima was discovered in the last years of the nineteenth century. Jacob Epstein's statue of Riolama still stands next to the same artist's rendering of Edward Hyde in London's former Serpentine Park, renamed Hyde Park after the events of 1898

The most astonishing of Brazil's mystery sites, which we have saved for last, is Maple White Land, a plateau in Amazonas State explored in 1912 by sometime League associate George Challenger. Here (as in Erikraudebyg, referred to in our previous instalment) there survive a multitude of species long since thought to be extinct, including the sabre toothed tiger and many dinosaurs. A species of ape-man, again conceivably related to the "rat-dogs" or the Yahoos, once existed on the plateau before being ethnically purged by a local Indian

tribe called the Accala, and some locations close to Maple White Land have shown signs of infestation by species that would seem to be prehistoric in their origin. Some few miles down the Amazon from the volcanic plateau, for example, there is a secluded lake known as the Black Lagoon by local Indian tribes, where monstrous amphibian bipeds have apparently been sighted. These may be some hitherto unknown Silurian throwbacks that have come downstream from Maple White Land, or might even be kin to the vocally-trainable sea-things found on Marsh's Island, far away in the Pacific

As we move on to North America, let us first pay attention to its many islands, starting with those in the North Atlantic. Furthest north, off Canada's east coast, there is the miserable Island of Birds (not to be confused with the Isle of Birds found in the Caribbean) where the sole inhabitant, Amanachem the Ugly, forbids visitors, while some way south, just off Newfoundland, we have Waferdanos, where fur-covered Waferdanians go naked and enjoy a simple and idyllic lifestyle Both these islands lie above the western end of the submarine country Capillaria, as discussed in our last chapter. The ruins of another previously mentioned underwater passage, namely the Atlantic Tunnel, similarly run beneath a number of the islands (once known as "The Wicked Archipelago") to be found further south, out in the North Atlantic off America's east coast. These include notoriously rain swept Buyan Island, cheese-like Caseosa and the startling island Cabbalussa, where the cannibal women all have asses' hooves and mimic certain breeds of spider by first copulating with, then eating, their unwilling suitors. Neighbouring Dream Island, with its famous city gates of horn and ivory, shares characteristics with Yspaddaden Penkawr castle in Wales, in that it allegedly seems to get further away the more nearly one approaches. Idol Island and Winkfield's Island, on the other hand, seem to possess no supernatural properties, and are only remarkable for their conversion to Christianity during the eighteenth century by the oddly named Miss Unca Eliza Winkfield and the priest who was her husband (and her cousin). Further south, however, on the island of Militia, we find mention of a man-mimicking variety of shrub known as a Simlax, which Miss Winkfield was apparently unable to convert. For some time it was thought the Simlax might have some connection with the mobile vegetation on the nearby Island of Moving Trees, but this phenomenon was found to be illusion, caused by the branch-camouflaged barges belonging to the local fishermen.

When Prospero's occasional companion Captain Robert Owe Much visited these waters with his ships the *Excuse*, the *Pay-Naught* and the *Least-In-Sight* during the early 1670s, his logbooks gave a brief account of various islands found in the vicinity. "The Island of the Moving Trees, so called, we passed upon our starboard bow as we departed from Ursina and its neighbouring isle Vulpina, with the former well-known for its Zodiacal circus where are pitted rams and scorpions, goats and fishes, crabs and lions, all one against the other, and the latter famous for its mighty naval fleet. After a while, to port we sighted the Island of Fortune, where I am informed the sun is worshipped and all atheists are burned, which for the atheists seems less than fortunate. Close to it we could see the Island of Chance, where all reputed ly is chaos and misrule is king, so that a horse may well be born with human hands and rise to be a tailor, while a man or woman born with horsehooves will be set to graze out in the fields. Keeping these isles to port we caught a strong north wind and headed south, passing Philosophy Isle where all men are philosophers and thus cannot agree upon a single form of governance, and also passing an isle that is but recently risen from the sea, a mere outcrop of rock that as yet goes unnamed but which to me appears as though shaped like a fine York ham. This likeness may be caused by appetite, for I am long since sick with salt beef. Sailing on, we are now headed for a place called the Island of the Palace of Joy, further south, where a very pretty gentleman that I once met, by name Orlando, told me there were fair pavilions all of gold and crystal to be seen, though these were but illusions of the sorcerer Malagigi." This mention of a person named Orlando is far from unique in the League's annals, though as we shall see the gender of this person seems to vary, while accounts from different centuries, describing this Orlando as both young and beautiful, would indicate we may be talking about more than just one individual.

One island on America's east coast that Owe-Much does not name is Rossum's Island, only recently made famous by the noted physiologist Old Rossum, who's resided there since 1920 and has recently made claims that he is closer to his goal of making living protoplasm, with which he intends to manufacture artificial human beings, or "robots" as he quaintly calls them. Of more serious interest to intelligent adults are those few islands off the western coast of Mexico and North America, commencing with Quarll Island in the south. Close to Mexico, Quarll Island has long held a reputation as a pirate haven, when in fact only one person ever lived there, this being

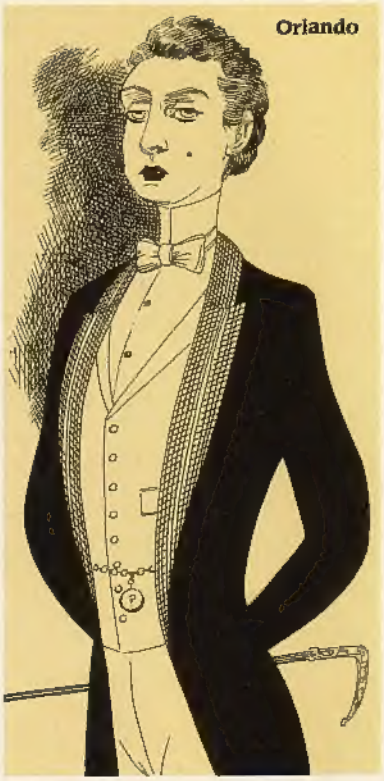
**Scientific Expedition to The Black Lagoon, 1930. No survivors.**

yet another shipwrecked Englishman named Philip Quarll, who seems to have been cast away there during 1675. Perhaps Quarll Island's notoriety is gained from its proximity to nearby Treasure Island, where the pirate captain Flint was said to have concealed his famous treasure in the mid 1750s.

Further north, far off the coast of California there are several islands that much-travelled Lemuel Gulliver recalled and contributed for inclusion in the records of the League, such as Glubbdubdrib, Balnibari and Laputa, but since these are closer to Japan we shall examine them along with Asia and the far Australias in Chapter Five. With these eliminated, only three islands remain, these being Captain Sparrow's Island, with its satyrs, blue pigs and gigantic birds called rukas; and the two islands sheltering beneath the western California outcropping of Brobdingnag, both settled by shipwrecked mariners and called Great Mother's Island and Orphan Island. Great Mother's Island was first colonised by shipwrecked women in the first years of the twentieth century, while Orphan Island had been colonised in 1855 by numerous orphans cast away while bound for California with their teacher, one Miss Charlotte Smith, who founded a society based on Victorian values, the remains of which may still be seen today.

Turning now to the mainland, we find the majority of North America's most interesting sites to be in the mid-west or on the eastern seaboard. This is not to say that there is nothing worthy of a visit to be found in either Canada or California, merely to observe the greater number of such places to be found towards the east. Up in the great northwest expanses of the Klondike region, for example, stands Thieves City, built above a boiling lake to spare it from the Arctic chill, where qualifying as a citizen requires one to have broken one or more laws in the country he originated from, yet paradoxically permits no crime within its city limits. Not far south, in the east Yukon Territory, we find amongst the snows a tropical oasis known as Dead Man's Valley, which would seem to have as many prehistoric animals sheltering within it as does Maple White Land, and which may indeed provide the source for some reported prehistoric sightings that we shall encounter further south. Elsewhere in Canada, within Snow River country, exists another anomalous and temperate valley, called the Valley of the Beasts, where an astonishing variety of animals appear to coexist quite peacefully together, while in the southeast, Lake Superior boasts islands that may be of interest to the enterprising traveller. On Haunted Island, spectres of gigantic Indians are sometimes seen, perhaps dead members of the tribe who still today pay homage to the deities of the nearby Canadian Floating Isles, beautiful and idyllic islands that will vanish in concealing fog should any wonder-struck canoeist try to make an approach.

Working our way now down the west coast of America we must pass quickly through the frankly absurd area called Rootabaga Country,



Orlando

which lies somewhere between Canada and Washington State, and where the bib-wearing pigs may be related to the talking porcine creatures to be found cross country in upper New York State, which we shall presently discuss. Elsewhere in Washington State we discover Chisholm Prison, thought to be escape-proof until the ingenious professor Van Dusen did just that during the first years of the twentieth century, while travelling further south, just past the logging town of Twin Peaks, with its many interesting Indian legends, we find areas of dense forest sometimes called "The Deep, Deep Woods" by locals. Doll-like creatures have been seen here, thought by some to be escapees from the otherworldy realm we shall hear word of that exists beyond some spatial flaw above the fields of Kansas. Others have insisted that these sinister and smiling toy-things have their origins, along with various other extra-human creatures, in a supposedly-haunted dell within the Deep, Deep Woods called Glastonbury Grove, but this cannot be verified.

Moving through Oregon we pass by Cricket Creek (one of the places where there have been various reports of living dinosaurs, perhaps migrated south from Dead Man's Valley in the Yukon), and upon the nearby coast the city of Mahagonny, where trappers from the frozen north can rest within the comfort of one of the city's many brothels. Next we come to California where, near Mendocino, we find France-Ville, a magnificently-managed city founded in the 1870s by a French scientist called Sarrasin. Some distance further down, near Monterey, at a number 5 Thallo Street in Pacific Grove, lives the intriguing although somewhat musty-smelling scientist Tyco M. Bass, while San Francisco is home to the Western American Explorer's Club, whose Professor William Waterman Sherman was involved in the mysterious "21 Balloons" incident of 1883. Out in rural California, not far from Merced, is the long-established settlement called iDEATH, famed for its watermelons. Hardened sugar from these is used to make trout-hatcheries, cabins, sculptures or indeed almost anything one might require. Continuing south, past a vast spread of rusted, obsolete machinery from the 19th century known locally as The Forgotten Works, we come eventually, just past Mexico's border, to the charming villa of Don Diego de la Vega where the masked adventurer known as "The Fox" was sometimes sighted during the nineteenth and even early twentieth centuries. Other than Brobdingnag, the peninsula of giants that juts from California into the Pacific (thought to be the birthplace of the fabled lumberjack Paul Bunyan and his celebrated blue ox, Babe), we must look east in search of further memorable locations, save to mention that a crewman who had sailed with Robert Owe-Much from the isle of Scoti Moria, discussed in our first chapter, came with Owe-Much to America, eventually to settle near Los Angeles. The crewman, a fellow named Lebowsky, had been formerly a member of the Naiad race of Scoti Moria, but it is not known if he continued the traditional Naiad habits of smoking and nine-pins once established in America, or indeed if he produced any subsequent offspring of any note.

Moving east, the most southerly point we have on record is the ruined city of Tcha, a supposedly Atlantean colony on the Yucatan peninsula. While giving mention to Louisiana's marvelously atmospheric Yoknapatawpha County, the next place of interest that we encounter, heading north, is the New Mexico ranch home of the early 20th century gunfighter and balladeer Gene Autry. While the famous singing cowboy's home is not itself remarkable, beneath it sprawls the subterranean empire of Murania, an outpost of the massive underground land Atvatabar that runs beneath America from Canada to Ecuador, its entrance at the North Pole. Atvatabar is also connected to the similarly subterranean Etidorhpa's Country, entered through cave systems in Kentucky, and the Inca Tunnel running from the same Kentucky caves towards Peru, but

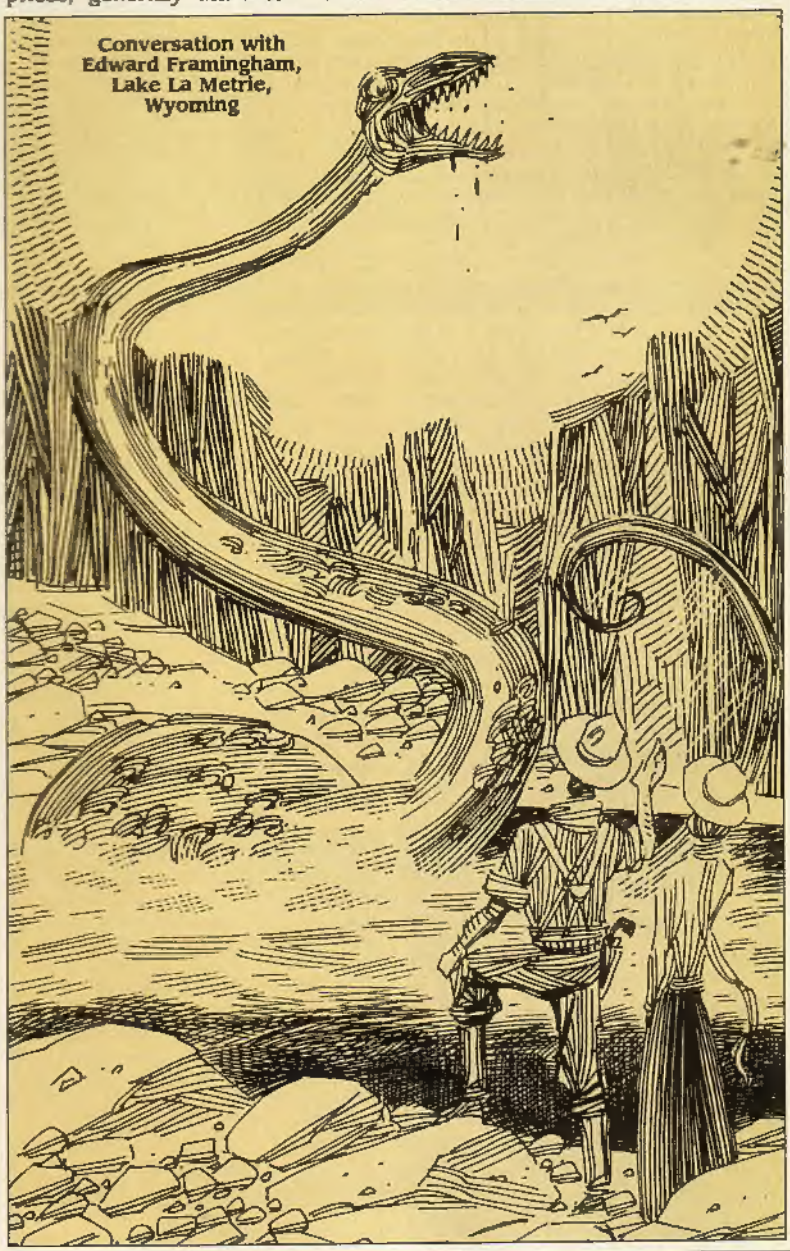
Atvatabar's polar entrance makes it more suitable for inclusion in our closing chapter. As we travel up the centre of the country, to the east beyond the wildernesses of Drexara are the Appalachian hills where Silver John (a balladeer and possibly a colleague of Gene Autry) has commemorated in verse the existence of both the hillbilly settlement called Dogpatch, with its famously attractive females, and the nearby Valley of the Shmoon, where little edible food is grown, but where nobody goes hungry. Westwards, meanwhile, lies Oklahoma, another location that seems to inspire men to song and dance, at least to judge by the Nature Theatre of Oklahoma, which recruits performers from stadiums across the U.S. to appear as angels or devils (depending on gender) in the theatre's largely unwatched productions.

Northward, over Kansas, there would seem to be some massive flaw in space, as mentioned earlier, permitting access to extensive extra-worldly territories that British Military Intelligence came to believe were congruent with similar realms already encountered elsewhere, as in the disturbing cases close to Oxford mentioned in our opening chapter. Further north still, in Wyoming, we discover Lake La Metrie and its legendary talking monster, while eastwards in Montana is Red Gap, where displaced English butler Marmaduke Ruggles mentions in his memoirs having met the famous former Texas Ranger and masked vigilante John Reid, shortly prior to Reid's retirement to the coast to raise a family. Iowa has Rampart Junction, a rural town that seems somehow forbidding (although no outsider has ever alighted at its dusty railroad station to investigate), and up near North Dakota in the forgotten county of Apodidraskiana is the haunt of fugitives called Dotandcarryone Town, but more promising by far are the strange places found upon America's east coast.

In Florida, located in the depths of the Great Cypress Swamp near Gainesville, is the actual Fountain of Eternal Youth described by the explorer Ponce de Leon, a natural spring, which, while yet to have its revitalizing properties proven by science, would seem to still attract the elderly to Florida in search of it. Great Cypress Swamp is of more interest to us as the site of certain grim events, at a neighbouring graveyard, which involved a Mr. Randolph Carter of Massachusetts, whom we shall encounter shortly. Great Cypress Swamp also runs into Okeefenokee Swamp, upon the Georgia/Florida border, where yet more talking animals have been reported, though it is believed that these have no connection with the elder horrors found by Mr. Carter and his unfortunate colleague Mr. Harley Warren. Higher up the coast, in Carolina, it appears that youthful ingenuity is prized with both South Carolina's Readestown and North Carolina's Wrightstown named for rival boy inventors, while neighbouring Bayport has found fame within the last few years as home to many mysteries requiring intervention by teen-aged youths for their solution.

In Virginia, various local authors (such as Musgrave, Kennaston and Townsend, all of Fairview, close to Lichfield) have referred to local legends that concern a hunting party of three men that set out from the Jamestown colony during January, 1610, of whom no trace was ever found, save for a journal which tells how the hunters stumbled on "a terrible Place" and concludes with the disturbing entry "Staires! We have found staires!" A little north, in Maryland, stands the spectacular estate of Arnheim, built in the 1840s by a millionaire named Ellison, although this has done little to reverse the area's slump in property prices, generally attributed to the dismal ruins of the Usher property, jutting unappealingly out of a stagnant lake not far from Baltimore. More northward still, near Philadelphia, are the remains of Mettingen, a bleak estate with a gloomy temple, where a Mr. Mettingen of Saxony once studied puritanical religious notions in the eighteenth century. Mettingen's piety did not prevent his death from the results of an explosion, nor the later family-murder and subsequent suicide of his son Theodore.

New York and New York State are filled with wonders, from the eerily dilapidated summer-houses in the swamp called Gone-Away Lake, close to Creston, and the reported talking pigs and other animals of upstate Centerboro, to the river Island of the Fay found in the Catskills, and the allegedly-haunted town of Sleepy Hollow near to Greensburgh, on the Hudson. Not far from Greensburgh is the small Dutch settlement famed for its well-



**Conversation with Edward Framingham, Lake La Metrie, Wyoming**

known case of genuine suspended animation, one Van Winkle, who slept through the War of Independence, while the nearby town of Hadleyburg, formerly famous for its decency, has only known shame since its much-deserved humiliation by a passing stranger during 1899. Close to New York City is Roadtown, a remarkable experiment constructed during 1893, resembling nothing so much as a several-hundred-mile-long sky-scraper set on its side, while in New York itself a basement of unknown location is believed to be the resting place of Flatland, an entirely flat environment in which live two-dimensional beings, discovered by a mathematician during 1884. Neighbouring Connecticut is unremarkable save for the proverbially pretty and agreeable womenfolk to be found in the small town of Stepford, and it is on the genuinely dreadful states of Maine and Massachusetts that we must now focus our attention. During 1899, Miss Wilhelmina Murray (who had been recuperating in the matriarchal settlement of Coradine in Scotland following the dire events of 1898) and Mr. Allan Quatermain were sent by Military Intelligence to Massachusetts, ordered to investigate reports that linked this state with the dream-like unearthly territories to be found in England, an increasing source of concern for Miss Murray's masters at that time. Her account follows.

"September 7th, 1899. I must write it all down. Write it, or dream about it endlessly for the remainder of my life. When Allan came to visit me in Coradine and told me that the fat men had a job for us, I think that I was pleased and looking forward to adventure, with the nightmare of the

Arkham

men from Mars now safely in the past. If only I'd known then what I know now. Our ship put in at a bleak seaport called New Bedford, which I think that I remember Nemo's first mate Ishmael mentioning to me once, and no sooner had we set foot on the quay than I was overcome by the most miserable foreboding and presentiment of evil. We arranged a carriage that would take us to the old colonial city of Arkham, where M. had informed us that a high number of extra-normal events were centered, but our driver was a garrulous thickly-accented local of a type that I have since found to be common in the area, who regaled us with spine-chilling tales of 'sartin mysteries, as ye might say' that were attached to the region's many hideous locations. He spoke of the feared property in nearby Maine owned by a terrible munitions dealer named (I think) Belasco, the area surrounding the town of Jerusalem's Lot that has developed an evil reputation, and even made a pretty-sounding village called Eastwick seem alarming when he claimed a Massachusetts lunatic, Whateley by name, had prophesied that Lucifer himself would one day 'set his cleft hoof' on the town. He babbled on about magical tokens to be found at a Victorian house on Walden Street in Concord, and spoke of 'sartin talking toad-things, like' that might be found at Whiton House on the South Shore. As we passed a lofty and forbidding residence in rural Massachusetts that our driver called Hill House, he told us of an awful-sounding lottery held in a nearby town, invariably resulting in the winner's murder, and in general made the whole region sound so ghastly that, when we passed Beaulieu, a walled town on the Miskatonic River leading into Arkham, I did not have need to ask the reason for its strong fortifications.

"Arkham. I have never known a town to be at once so frightening and so picturesque. Our driver set us down in Church Street, where we had arranged rooms in what seems to be the city's sole hotel, a wretched, faded building where we sat and talked into the night about our mission. M. had passed on reports, mostly the testimonials of asylum inmates it would seem, which appeared to hint at a peculiar dream-territory accessible from certain (or perhaps I should say 'sartin') places in or around Arkham, such as the architecturally peculiar 'Witch House' that stood no more than a block or so down Parsonage Street from our grim and lackluster hotel. We slept but fitfully, beset by hideous dreams that we could not recall upon awakening, and in the morning, after some discreet enquiries, were directed to the library of Arkham's Miskatonic University where we were told could frequently be found a scholar, a young man said to have some knowledge of this world of dreams, named Randolph Carter. Allan seemed perplexed, saying he recognized the name from somewhere, and when we eventually encountered the alarmingly young-looking Mr. Carter, he grew more perplexed still, claiming that he'd seen his face before, though he could not think where. Carter seemed flattered by our interest and professed himself to be an Anglophile, promising he would help us all he could. Admitting to a limited familiarity with this dream-landscape, he confessed to fears that some of its more monstrous inhabitants might have ventured into our own world, citing a talking cat that had been seen on Mulberry Street in nearby Springfield, believed by Carter to hail from the dream-world town of Ulthar. He also mentioned a closer location, on the Aylesbury Pike between Arkham and nearby Dunwich, an abandoned house which he believed to be a form of gateway, and to which he agreed to take us. What followed seemed to happen with a frightening rapidity, and I have needed Allan to supply a number of the details.

"Carter took us to the ruined house, which he believed had once been used by one of Massachusetts's many diabolically-inclined and inbred families for their appalling rituals. Hearing what is best described as a much-amplified slithering sound from the adjacent woods, Allan and young Carter strode off manfully to make investigations, warning me that I should in no circumstances go into the ruin alone, although from what transpired it rather seems I must have done, although I have no memory of this. The next thing I recall, and which I hesitate to write down here, is finding myself standing in a state of undress (and, I am ashamed to say, of some arousal) staring as though drugged into what seemed to be a beautiful and shimmering landscape, perhaps a painting by some ether-drinker, where a huge and lovely flower extended slender mauve-tinged petals out towards me. I was only roused from this delirium by a frightened yell from Allan, somewhere off behind me, which caused me to awaken and to comprehend the horror of my circumstances: I stood almost naked in a derelict and filthy room where, on the walls, were grotesque symbols that I almost understood, scrawled in what seemed to be long-dried ordure. Coming in some fashion through the walls towards me were transparent tentacles, about to wrap themselves around my flesh when Allan pulled me back and, cursing dreadfully, removed me from the house, where he and Mr. Carter wrapped me in their jackets. Since then, I have suffered a dire fever and shall be, for once, glad to see London. Allan, shaken by the episode, says he feels old, and thinks a holiday in Africa might be the thing for us, but we shall see. I am so ill at present I can think of nowhere save for England."

"This is day one of year one of the new epoch — the epoch of the Invisible Man. I am Invisible Man the First."

— Hawley Griffin, 1897

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